

[illegible]

Family Miscellany.

For the Principia.

TO A BABY

Art thou almost home, dear baby?
Do the angels call thee, now,
That thy little eyes are calm and bright—
So pure thy infant brow?

Post hear thy Shepherd's gentle voice—
Just see the garden fair,
Where He leads His lambs by the river-side,
'Mid the lilies blossoming there?

Must thou leave us all so soon, baby?
O, why wilt thou not stay?
Can we not lure thee, with song or caress,
To tarry by the way?

Is thy Father's love too much sweeter
Than mother can give thee here?
Thy heavenly home so much brighter,
That this seems lone and drear?

Are the flowers there so much fairer
Than any thou hast on earth?
The angels so much purer,
Than children of mortal birth?

O, what do those blue eyes see, to-night,
That they look so deep and clear?
Dost know so much more than we can know?
What is it, baby dear?

They wear not the pleading, helpless gaze
Of a few short hours ago;
They beam with holy, triumphant light,
Of another life the dawn.

For 'tis no earth-born spirit
Looks out through those starry eyes—
Tis surely a soul immortal,
Created for Paradise!

Thou treadest the pathway before us,
Into the vast Unknown;
From the arms of friends that love thee,
Up to the Great White Throne.

Thou leavest us to heaven;
To will, we follow after;
Peradventure we may sometime greet thee
Where God and the angels are.

But the pearls gates are wide open—
Our baby is passing in—
He is safe from any more sorrow,
Safe from temptation and sin.

God-like! Give our love to the angels!
Ask our Father if we may come,
By and by, when our time is finished,
To our baby—and Him—and Home!

VERSES BY A BLACKHEATH (English) Poet.
NEW VOICES FROM THE CROWD.

NATIONAL SONGS.
Revised for the South and English Southerners, by
Charles Mackay.

ITLE BRITANNIA!
When Davis first, at hell's command,
Dug for a million bloody graves,
This was the charter of his land,
And women-whippers sang the staves:

Whoever at you raves,
Southerners ever, ever will have slaves,
Southerners ever, ever will whip slaves.

The nation not so slight as we,
Most sell their daughters not at all,
Brothers of selling babies to be
To any slaves to whom they fall:

Rule, girl-whippers,
Whoever at you raves,
Southerners ever, ever will whip slaves.

Still more atrocious will we rise,
The more all justice we defy,
The more black souls we brutalize,
And call all right and God a lie:

Rule, girl-whippers,
Whoever at you raves,
Southerners ever, ever will whip slaves.

U, God nor man shall ever chain,
Dug for a million bloody graves,
This was the charter of his land,
And women-whippers sang the staves:

Whoever at you raves,
Southerners ever, ever will have slaves,
Southerners ever, ever will whip slaves.

All vines still with slavery dross,
Shall to our cursed homes repair;
Last—crucially shall there be
Torture and murder shall be there:

Rule, girl-whippers,
Whoever at you raves,
Southerners ever, ever will whip slaves.

And while both heaven and earth allow,
Our new-born lord shall shame the day,
We'll hound till they hate the name,
And women's backs their taunts shall pay:

Rule, girl-whippers,
Whoever at you raves,
Southerners ever, ever will whip slaves.

Now's the day and now's the hour,
See, approach cursed Freedom's power;
Down with all but slavery!

Who'd not fill a Southern knave,
Who'd not fill a Southern knave,
Who'd not own and lash a slave,
Yankee, let him turn and flee!

Who for hell, our rights and law,
Slavery's sword will strongly draw,
Woman-whipper, stand or fall,
Brother, let him turn and flee!

By oppression's woes and pains,
By our sons in servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall not—let them be free!

Lay the vile men-freers low;
Freemen fall in every foe,
Slavery's in every bow,
Forward! let us do or die!

Rebuck hugs us to his heart!
Tories long to take our part!
Well their Clarkson's ghost may start!
Wilberforce must howl on high!

All the three-cursed crew who rant,
Freedom's friends, no longer cant,
Cotton—'tison! all they want;
That, and up with slavery!

On! that millions yet may groan!
Build your state on wrong alone;
Slavery's its corner stone;
On! "Our Claims" our battle-cry!

Blackheath. W. C. BENNETT.

FROM THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

Profile House,
August, 12th, 1863.

The tide of travel seems to be turned to
wards these grand old mountains, this season.

I wish I could picture to you the crowds of
tired, dusty, cross-grained pleasure-seekers,
that arrive here daily, and the long
fades, lengthening not a little more, when
told that there are no accommodations
for them, save the *sofids*, (which
means the carpeted side) of the parlor
floor. Some, however, enjoy the matter
more philosophically, and look the joke with

wonderful zest, and praiseworthy good humor.
And the cry is still, "they come." The wonder
is, not that they do come, but that many others
yet tarry in our heated cities, beneath the
burning rays of an August sun, sweating
and delving away, with the thermometer
ranging from 95° to 100° to secure "the al-
mighty dollar." To all such I would say,
"Come away, to the hills away!" Come,
breathe the pure, exhilarating air of these
mountains. Let the noble, towering old
cliffs be unto you a soul-inspiration, uplift-
ing you far above the petty cares and anxie-
ties of your daily life! Come away from the
noisy din and strife which surrounds you, and
wander among these mountain solitudes; lis-
ten to the "still small voice" falling from
these heights into your heart of hearts, wis-
pering of a sweet peace and rest, hitherto un-
known—a rest so deep, so undisturbed,
that you are filled with a yearning for that
other rest, immeasurably nobler, and more
blessed, "which remaineth for the children of
God," in that higher, purer realm.

We are enjoying a temperature most delightful
coolness. Indeed, our mornings and evenings,
are almost too cool, for the health and comfort
of some of our invalids; but nothing can sur-
pass the delicious salubrity of our meridian
hours—the clear, bracing air—the dark
green waving forests of pine and fir, that clothe
the inaccessible heights of the mountains—the
sky of blue, that seems so very, very far
above us—speak to us in a language not to be
misunderstood, of One who made them all.
Not in accents of love, alone, do they speak
to us. Their voice is heard in the hermit's
solitude, which shake these old mountains to their very
foundations, and we are forced to exclaim,
"the strength of the hills, is His also."

I wish I could describe to you the extreme
beauty and loveliness of many places of inter-
est in this immediate locality. There is
"Echo Lake," with its saucy echo, repeat-
ing, over and over again, whatever may be
addressed to it, without the least sense of the
impropriety there might be in divulging lover's
secrets; and the beautiful "Profile Lake,"
which calmly sleeps beneath the ever watchful
eyes of the "Old Man of the Mountains."

Then there is the wild picturesque "Flume,"
with its fearful boulder poised above, in rather
too close proximity to one's head, and its
foaming waters, that rush madly on, sparkling
and dashing over its rocky way—a way most
enchantingly beautiful, fringed with graceful
ferns, swaying in the breeze, and masses of
emerald moss, glittering with spray thrown up
by the tumbling waters. O, the safety
"Cascades," that leap headlong down precipitous
steeps, where none but naiads dare wan-
der! And the wonderful "Basin," where the
"Old Man of the Mountains" once stooped to
sip of the crystal waters, and lost his "fodder!"

Perhaps, you may not be aware, far away
in big Gotham, that in this same "Basin,"
there is a huge rock resembling very nearly the
form of the human foot. The wise people here-
abouts, say that it once belonged to the same
venerable gentleman, who has the general su-
pervision of the "Profile Lake."

I have recently made the ascent of "Mount
Canon." Was I not brave to attempt such a
thing in these latter days of small things?

The ascent is made by a narrow foot-path,
more than one and a half miles, a narrow,
precipitous, tangled, rocky route—but I can-
not express to you how very much I enjoyed
every step of the wild way. There was a
freshness and beauty all around, which was
most charming, and such a spirit of freedom
permeates all of these wild sylvan haunts, that
one feels almost beside one's self, with a super-
abundance of buoyancy and elasticity.

After plodding over the rough, narrow path
for nearly three hours, we arrived at the sum-
mit, and after rambling about for a short
time, we succeeded in finding the "Old Can-
non," and standing upon it. This piece of
ordnance is perfectly harmless, being only a
huge rock, of twenty feet in length, and about
fifteen in width, resembling very nearly a can-
non. The view from this mountain was very
beautiful, and quite extensive, stretching far
away in the distance. On the extreme line of
the horizon, could be seen the range of the
White Mountains. Nearer Mrs. Jackson, Jef-
ferson, and Pleasant, were visible. On the
left, and directly before us, "Eagle Cliff" rises
with its inaccessible steep; while on the
right, is seen Lafayette, grand and calm, in
its quiet majesty. One's eye is never wearied
with the endless variety of vale and mount
opened out before one.

The Profile House is one of the
most excellent establishments among the
mountains. The gentlemanly Proprietor,
Richard Daft, Esq., leaves nothing un-
done, which can promote the pleasure and
comfort of his guests. The travelling com-
munity, this season, seem fully to appre-
ciate all these advantages. Among our
guests, are Gov. Gilmore's family, Gen.
Hinks, Rev. Dr. Tyng, Rev. Dr. Storrs, and
family, and Ex-Gov. Morgan, of New York.

But the great event of the week, has been
the arrival of Mrs. Lincoln, and her two sons.
This, of course, has been a most fruitful
time for hotel gossip and conversation, espe-
cially among the ladies. Mrs. Lincoln has, how-
ever, most effectually non-plussed the curiosity
of the guests, by her modest, unassuming man-
ner; quietly keeping her room the greater
part of the time, not making her appearance
in the public parlors, at all, during her stay.
She is a dark complexioned lady, rather below
the medium height, dresses quite unostenta-
tiously; in fact, making no more display in
any way than the most ordinary traveler.

Her eldest son came fresh with the honors
of Old Harvard clustering around him—a fair-
haired young gentleman, of (I should judge)
about twenty-one or twenty-two summers.
May he live to reflect the many sterling vir-
tues of his father—"Honest Old Abe."

The younger brother is a lad of nine or ten years.
I think hardly out of "leading strings," judg-
ing from the unwearied and constant atten-
dant of his servant. After visiting the prin-
cipal places of interest in this vicinity, they
proceeded on their way to the Puritan city of
Boston, where I learn they are pleasantly lo-
cated and cared for at the Revere House. I
close, to send this by the Evening Mail.

Yours truly,
EDEN SHIRLEY.

The sunshine of life is made up of very few
beams that are bright all the time.

MEERKENS is the fragrance a bruised flower
yields when trampled on.

CROCODILE HUNTING.

CROCODILE LIFE AND DEATH IN SOUTH AMERICA.

Don Ramon Paz recently published in
England a book of travels in South America,
which contains some exciting adventures.
Here is a sketch of

CROCODILE LIFE AND DEATH.
"While walking along the banks of the
Portuguesa, one may see these huge lizards
collected in groups of half a dozen or more,
basking in the sunshine near the water, with
their jaws wide open, until their ghastly pal-
ates are filled with flies or other creatures
slighting within them. We tried in vain to
shoot them with guns; the reptiles were so
wary that the moment we took aim they
rushed into the water. Being at a loss how
to procure a subject for my pencil, I sought
the advice of an old man, an angler by profes-
sion, who lived in one of the huts near the
river. He agreed to let me have his canoe,
with his son to paddle it, and the requisite
number of harpoons, providing I could obtain
the assistance of an Indian boy from the
neighborhood, who was a capital marksman
with the bow and arrow."

"What!" I exclaimed, in astonishment,
"do we expect to kill one of these monsters,
with so slight a thing as an arrow?" "No,"
he calmly answered; "but you must first
know where to find him under water, be-
fore you can strike him with the harpoon; the
arrow of which I speak is the kind we use in
catching turtles."

"These arrows are constructed so as to ad-
just the head, affixed to the shaft somewhat in
the manner of a lance, to come off the moment
it strikes an object in the water. A slender
rod, several feet in length, connects it with
the shaft, which last is a light, bamboo
rod; around this the cord is wound close
until it reaches the point where the head is,
then fastened securely. The shaft, being ex-
tremely light, floats on the surface of the wa-
ter the moment it is set free from the head by
the struggle of the animal, thus acting as a
guide for its recovery."

"The old angler then proceeded to explain
that the operation must be conducted first by
sending one of these arrows into the body of
the crocodile, to mark his position under wa-
ter; and then, if practicable, we might plunge
a harpoon into the only vulnerable spot we
could hope to reach, viz, the nape of the neck,
after which the animal could be easily dragged
up to the surface by means of strong ropes at-
tached to the harpoon."

"Accordingly, I went in search of the In-
dian boy, whom I found under a tree, seated
like a toad on his haunches, skinning a porcu-
pine he had just killed. At my approach he
raised his head and fixed on me his unmean-
ing eyes. When spoken to, he only replied to
my questions with the monosyllables, *si*, *no*.
After a little coaxing, and the promise of a
fish hook, he followed me to the canoe with-
out uttering a word more."

"We were not long in getting a chance to test
the skill of my new acquaintance. As we ap-
proached the river banks, a large crocodile
bore in sight, floating down the stream like a
piece of wood. Our position was most favor-
able to send an arrow rattling through his
scales, and my young Nimrod lost no time in
improving the opportunity. Stepping a few
paces in advance, and bending gracefully over
the precipice, he let fly at the reptile's head
his slender, yellow rod, *por deca*, viz, shoot-
ing the arrow up into the air at an angle
of forty-five degrees, and the moment it
descended with great force upon the object, af-
ter describing an arc of a circle in the manner
of a bomb shell."

"Although the distance was fully three
hundred paces, the arrow struck the mark
with the precision of a rifle ball. A violent
plunge of the huge reptile was my first intui-
tion, that the trial had been successful, and a
moment after I perceived the golden rod now
attached to him, skimming swiftly over the
surface of the water. We hastened for the
canoe, and immediately gave chase up the
stream, as the crocodile had taken that direc-
tion. We were rapidly gaining upon him,
when, alarmed at the sound of the paddles,
he struck in very deep water, as was indicated
by the reed. This circumstance rendered it
impossible to employ our harpoon. We tried
in vain to start him; he stuck to the muddy
bottom, whence neither pulls nor curses could
move him. We hoped that in time he would
come to the surface to breathe, and then we
might strike him with a harpoon; but in this
we were equally disappointed."

"After waiting for him two hours, we gave
him up, along with the arrow-head sticking in
his own. I made various other attempts to
secure a specimen, but with no better result,
as the river was yet too high to sound for
them. While in this place, I was told several in-
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try of these saurians, one of which appeared to me
most remarkable in an animal of the reptile
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time a great many goats. One day he per-
ceived that several of them had disappeared,
and not being able to account for it in any
other way, he at once laid the blame on the
hated crocodiles, although these creatures al-
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ment. His suspicions, he discovered in the
end, were well founded, having witnessed the
destruction of one of his goats in a very singu-
lar manner. It appeared that a crocodile had
in some mysterious way, discovered that
goats delight in jumping from place to place,
but more especially from rocks or moraines.
Rocks, however, being rather scarce in the
country, their treacherous enemy undertook to
gratify their taste for this innocent pastime,
and at the same time cater to his own. Ap-
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feet from the bank, he swelled out his back
in such a manner, as gave it the appearance of
a small island, or small island, of the shape
of a goat, perceiving this, varied their gambols
by jumping from their secure places on shore,
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ever, never reached for the crocodile, tossing up
his head at the right instant, received them in
his open jaws, and swallowed them without
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without danger from their attacks, being so
treacherous, that they approach their intended
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powerful tails, before he is even aware of their
proximity. The bubbling sound of a gourd,
being filled with water by some imprudent
person, especially attracts them. To obviate
this danger, a calabash bowl, with a long
wooden handle, is usually employed for the
purpose; yet, even this is not infrequently
snatched from the hands of the water-carrier."

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to this tyrant of the river, the reptile is im-
mediately seized, which, *crocod*, which is the
thing that is bold, ferocious and treacherous
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they not only waylay persons, but follow them
in the canoes, in hope of again securing this
dainty morsel. There are, however, men bold
enough to meet the enemy face to face in his
own element. The man who makes up his
mind to this encounter, is well aware that this
must be a conflict to the death, for one of the
antagonists."

"The ferryman related to us a feat of gal-
lantry, worthy of a better cause, performed
by a Llanero, with one of these monsters.
The man was on his way to San Jaime, on a
pressing errand. Being in haste to get there
the same day, he would not wait for the canoe
to be brought to him, but proposed to swim
across, assisted by his horse. He had already
secured his saddle upon his head, as is usual
on similar occasions, when the ferryman cried
out to him to beware of a *caiman* *cabado*, then
lunging near the pass, urging upon him, at the
same time, to wait for the canoe. Scorning
this advice, the Llanero replied, with charac-
teristic pride, 'Let him come.' I was never
yet afraid of man or beast! Then laying

aside a part of his ponderous equipment, he
placed his two edged dagger between his teeth
and plunged fearlessly into the river.

"He had not proceeded far when the mon-
ster rose, and made quickly towards him.
The ferryman crossed himself devoutly, and
uttered the holy invocation of *Jesu Maria*
por Jose, (fearing for the life, and, above all,
for the toll of the imprudent traveller. In the
meantime, the swimmer continued gliding
through the water, towards the approaching
crocodile. Aware of the impossibility of
striking his adversary a mortal blow unless he
could reach the armpit, he awaited the moment
until the reptile should attack him, to throw
his saddle at him. This he accomplished suc-
cessfully, that the crocodile, doubtless im-
agining it to be some sort of good eating,
jumped partly out of the water to catch it.
Instantly the Llanero plunged his dagger up
to the very hilt into the fatal spot. A hoarse
grunt and a tremendous splash showed that
the blow was mortal, for the ferocious monster
sank beneath the waves to rise no more."

"Proud of this achievement and scorning
the tardy assistance of the ferryman, who of-
fered to pick him up in his canoe, he waved
his bloody dagger in the air, exclaiming, as
he did so, 'Is there no other about here?'
and then turning, he swam leisurely back to
take his horse across. The *Caneyero* who re-
lated this adventure, then added, 'So delight-
ful was I on that occasion, that I killed my
fatted hen to treat the man to a good *sanco-
cho*, for the caiman had devoured all his
goats.'"

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crocodile. Aware of the impossibility of
striking his adversary a mortal blow unless he
could reach the armpit, he awaited the moment
until the reptile should attack him, to throw
his saddle at him. This he accomplished suc-
cessfully, that the crocodile, doubtless im-
agining it to be some sort of good eating,
jumped partly out of the water to catch it.
Instantly the Llanero plunged his dagger up
to the very hilt into the fatal spot. A hoarse
grunt and a tremendous splash showed that
the blow was mortal, for the ferocious monster
sank beneath the waves to rise no more."

"Proud of this achievement and scorning
the tardy assistance of the ferryman, who of-
fered to pick him up in his canoe, he waved
his bloody dagger in the air, exclaiming, as
he did so, 'Is there no other about here?'
and then turning, he swam leisurely back to
take his horse across. The *Caneyero* who re-
lated this adventure, then added, 'So delight-
ful was I on that occasion, that I killed my
fatted hen to treat the man to a good *sanco-
cho*, for the caiman had devoured all his
goats.'"

"What!" I exclaimed, in astonishment,
"do we expect to kill one of these monsters,
with so slight a thing as an arrow?" "No,"
he calmly answered; "but you must first
know where to find him under water, be-
fore you can strike him with the harpoon; the
arrow of which I speak is the kind we use in
catching turtles."

"These arrows are constructed so as to ad-
just the head, affixed to the shaft somewhat in
the manner of a lance, to come off the moment
it strikes an object in the water. A slender
rod, several feet in length, connects it with
the shaft, which last is a light, bamboo
rod; around this the cord is wound close
until it reaches the point where the head is,
then fastened securely. The shaft, being ex-
tremely light, floats on the surface of the wa-
ter the moment it is set free from the head by
the struggle of the animal, thus acting as a
guide for its recovery."

"The old angler then proceeded to explain
that the operation must be conducted first by
sending one of these arrows into the body of
the crocodile, to mark his position under wa-
ter; and then, if practicable, we might plunge
a harpoon into the only vulnerable spot we
could hope to reach, viz, the nape of the neck,
after which the animal could be easily dragged
up to the surface by means of strong ropes at-
tached to the harpoon."

"Accordingly, I went in search of the In-
dian boy, whom I found under a tree, seated
like a toad on his haunches, skinning a porcu-
pine he had just killed. At my approach he
raised his head and fixed on me his unmean-
ing eyes. When spoken to, he only replied to
my questions with the monosyllables, *si*, *no*.
After a little coaxing, and the promise of a
fish hook, he followed me to the canoe with-
out uttering a word more."

"We were not long in getting a chance to test
the skill of my new acquaintance. As we ap-
proached the river banks, a large crocodile
bore in sight, floating down the stream like a
piece of wood. Our position was most favor-
able to send an arrow rattling through his
scales, and my young Nimrod lost no time in
improving the opportunity. Stepping a few
paces in advance, and bending gracefully over
the precipice, he let fly at the reptile's head
his slender, yellow rod, *por deca*, viz, shoot-
ing the arrow up into the air at an angle
of forty-five degrees, and the moment it
descended with great force upon the object, af-
ter describing an arc of a circle in the manner
of a bomb shell."

"Although the distance